DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN.

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COCK ROBIN.

Who kill'd Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I kill'd Cock Robin.

This is the Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow

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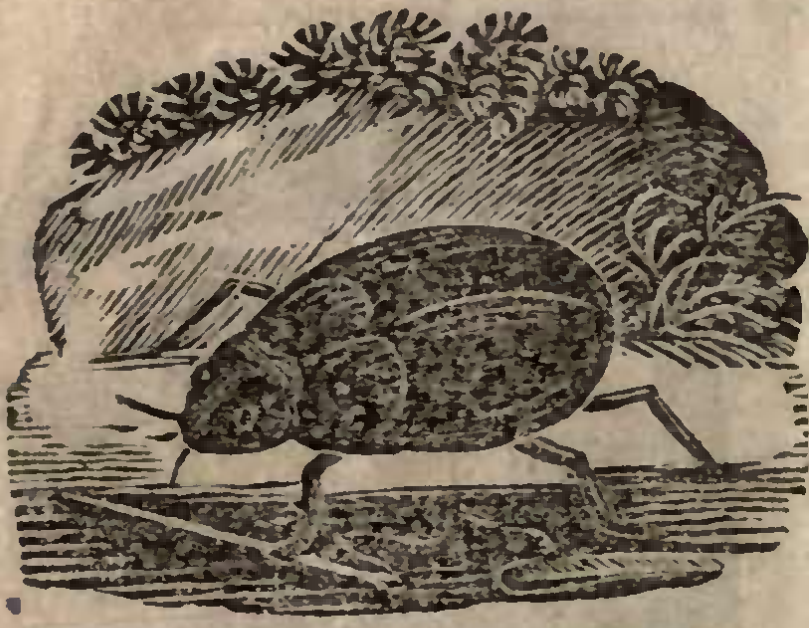
Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye
And I saw him die.

This is the Fly,
With his little Eye.

Who catch'd his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
And I caught his blood

This is the Fish,
That held the dish.

Who made his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my little needle,
And I made his shroud.



This is the Beetle,
With his thread and needle.

Who shall dig the grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shovel,
And I'll dig his grave.

This is the Owl so brave,
That dug Cock Robin's
grave.

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
And I'll be the parson.

Here parson Rook,
Stands on his book.

Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If 'tis not in the dark,
And I'll be the clerk.

Behold how the Lark
Says amen, like a clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave.

All the birds in the air
Began to sigh and to mourn,
When they found Cock Robin
To the graveyard had gone.

BOOKS.

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Old Woman and her Pig
Pictured Alphabet
Tom Thumb
Whittington and his Cat
William and Eliza,
And many other Sorts.